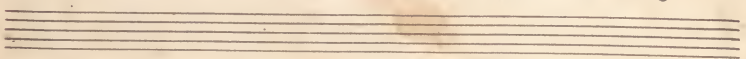
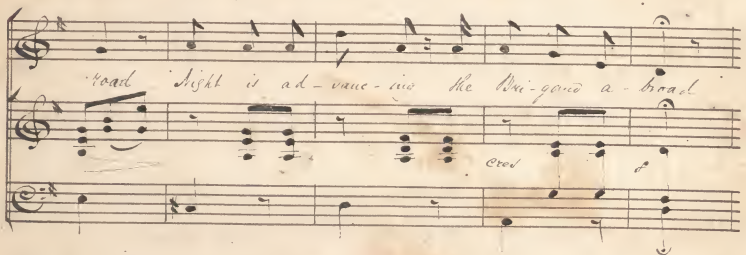
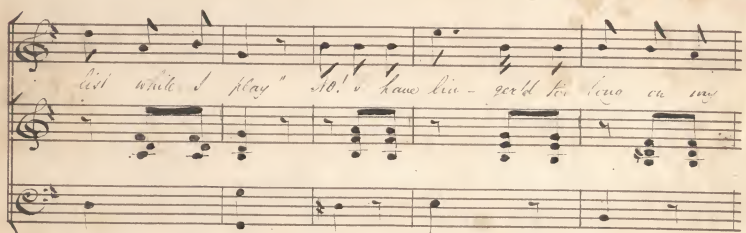
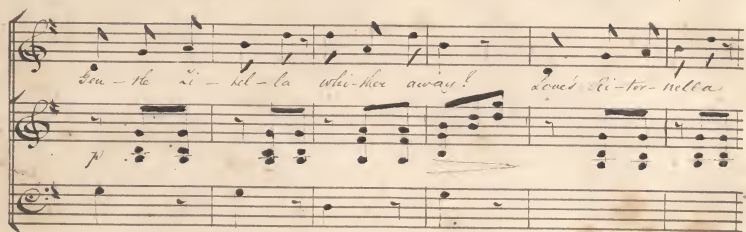
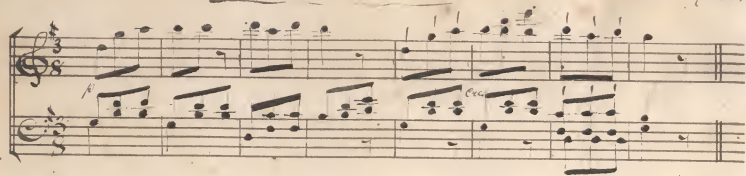


Love's Ritzmella

Miss Dickson



sandy Li-ho-ho too much to fear Li-ho-nella

she may not hear -

Charming Li-tella who shouldst never leave Night is not

darker than my sa-va hair; And those bright eyes of the

Prig and thou'st too thou art the robber the captive

is he? Little Li-tella banish thy fears doves

Re-tor-nella lar-ge and here!

Sun-ple Li-tella he-wave! Ah he-wave! Let's be in

dit - to grant' to prayer

to - nor add wings His Ma - sa - ri him - self

who now says Humble be let - ta be with the peace

cross the to ulla fears and hear